

2-26-1943

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-02-26

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. V

FEBRUARY 26, 1943

NO. 19

CARLSTROM EDITOR RECEIVES LETTER FROM UNION CITY

Union City, Tenn.

Dear Thomas,

Everyone here is very interested in your weekly editorials, little witticisms, and your shrewd, "Poor Richard's Almanac" sayings. We agree wholeheartedly with your safety campaign . . . but for Heaven's sake, Tom, give us some news.

We would like to know who are the Stage Commanders, Flight Commanders, Assistants, who has left and where he has gone, etc., etc.

In other words, William Allen White Watson, we would appreciate it if you would lower your standard, from the intelligentsia level down to a hoi-polloi level. Mix some trivia with your words of wisdom.

Thanking you for your condescension and cooperation, we remain your most avid readers.

Sincerely yours,

John Brannon	Charlie Sullivan
Bob Boyle	Larry Walden
G. "Flywheel" Jones	Hunter Galloway
Ray Ryan	Bob Swennes
C. B. Clark	Bob Watts

☆☆☆

CARLSTROM FIELD, FLO.
FLIGHT PERSONNEL
EMBRY-RIDDLE FIELD
UNION CITY, TENN.

RE LETTER STAGE COMMANDERS HERE
ANGELO MINICHELLO AND CARL DUNN
STOP FLIGHT COMMANDERS GEORGE
DUDLEY RED MCHENDRY SEYMOUR
JESSUP FRED SHERAM HERB WOOLF
GEORGE ECKHART CLEVE THOMPSON
COTTON JONES SAMMY HOTTLE BOB
FORRESTER JOHNNY AYALA SAM WORLEY
STOP ASSISTANTS ALEX HAYES TIM
HEFLIN JOHNNY DORR WES KING CHARLIE
CLOSE BILL HENDERSON HAROLD HAWK
MARK BALL JIMMY PETERS BILL TANNER
BOB GREER BOB DAVIS STOP CAMDEN
NOW CHAPMAN FIELD MIAMI RALPH
CUTHBERTSON RECENTLY LEFT FOR
CLEWISTON AS DID GRANT BAKER STOP
MOST OF US HERE JUST INSTRUCTORS
BUT HAPPY STOP GLAD YOU ARE AVID
CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE READERS STOP
DON'T STOP

TOM

H. Roscoe Brinton



Roscoe Brinton, head man at Carlstrom, is on the road to recovery from a siege of flu, everyone was happy to learn this week.

NEWS FLASH

J. R. Horton now Vice-President
in Charge of A & E Overhaul

It has just been announced that Joseph R. Horton has been appointed Vice-President of the Embry-Riddle Company in Charge of the Aircraft and Engine Overhaul Division.

Mr. Horton has had many years of experience in the aircraft industry—from barnstorming to 10 years with the Douglas Aircraft to his affiliation with the Civil Aeronautics Administration in New York.

Since "Joe," as he is more intimately known, has been associated with the Embry-Riddle Company, he has won a host of friends with his ability, his fairness, and unquenchable humor.

News of his promotion will be of interest to many, for he is one of the best liked men in the entire organization.

NEW "ISM" BECOMES BASIS OF ARMY'S PHYSICAL TRAINING

by Lt. George M. Hoffmeyer
Carlstrom Field

After World War I statistics showed that nearly 30% of the men inducted were in poor physical condition. The cry went up among the educators, exclaiming that the system of physical training in the schools was inadequate.

Then for a period of years heavy apparatus, indian clubs and calisthenics came into the school program. This system was to increase the size and tone of the muscles, but it didn't last.

With good times during the latter "twenties," a new "ism" sprung into being—educators propounded a new theory of teaching—teaching for the interest of the child.

Into the gymnasium this new indoctrination found its way—free play, games for fun, allowing the child's own initiative to command. The general public took up the idea, "recreation for relaxation." Playgrounds, picnics, ping-pong, badminton were popular.

Came World War II, the inductees weren't any more physically fit than in the first War. Our high standard of living had made most of us soft. Our men were not in the proper shape to make good ground soldiers. We were faced with a definite problem.

Quickly the Navy garnered Gene Tunney; a call for physical trainers was effected. Tunney set up a program he thought would best fit the prospective tars. These men became known as—"Tunney Fishes," and the program proved sound.

During the time the Navy prolifically was advertising their program, the Army was not napping. It set up its own schools for physical training. One of these schools is located in Miami Beach.

There I had the happy experience of seeing it in action. Men were gathered from all parts of the country—men who had degrees in physical education, men who had wide experience with men, men who understood teamwork and that idea of winning.

Continued on Page 8

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
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Letters to the Editor

1100 South Broadway
Santa Maria, Calif.
February 15, 1943

Dear Editor:

I am writing to have a change of address recorded in your office. I wish to have the Fly Paper sent to the above. The former one was 706 N. Vine, Santa Maria.

I have missed some of the copies due to the incorrect address, and of course one does not wish to miss a single copy of a publication so interesting as the Fly Paper.

I have been an Instructor for the Hancock College of Aeronautics for over two years and am at present an Assistant Squadron Commander.

I cut out all of the pictures from the Fly Paper and post them regularly on our bulletin boards, where they draw much favorable comment.

I wish you continued success in the splendid work your School is doing and hope to remain on the mailing list of the Fly Paper.

Sincerely yours,
H. W. Parker.

Editor's Note: We are glad to hear, Mr. Parker, that you are able to put the contents of the Fly Paper to good use in your work. Thanks for the many kind words, and keep in touch with us. We don't want you to miss any more issues.

Letter To "Pop" Watkins

Robins Field
Wannen-Robins, Ga.
January 28, 1943

Hello Pop,

Here I am at last having time to drop you a few lines. How are the boys treating you these days and how are you? I surely miss seeing you and talking to you, but I still think of you and hope to see you again some day.

When we came here they told us it was the end of the world, as it's way back in the wilderness. It's 18 miles to Macon and that's the nearest town. Even at that I don't think it's so bad, I hardly have time to go there anyway.

We were here just a week when we were put to work. I am working nights in the test cell as operator. It's easy but tiresome. We will go to work days next month, for we shift off with the day crew every so often.

They say we were lucky to get work so quickly. Some of the boys who came here stayed from four to six weeks before they even saw an engine. There are some boys in the barracks who came from school in New York. They have been here two weeks and haven't gone to work yet.

Well, Pop, will close now as I have more letters to write. In the meantime, you keep passing out tools and taking checks and think of all the good you are doing for the

boys. I'll bet all the boys who go through there are the same as I am. That is, they will never forget you.

You do your part for the boys there at the school and they will "keep 'em flying" for you.

An old pal,
Alton

Editor's Note: The above are excerpts from a letter written to "Pop" Watkins of the Military Engines Tool Crib from Pvt. Alton Hamilton, who was graduated with Class 7-43-A in January.

Quarters No. 115-A
Maxwell Field, Ala.
February 16, 1943

Dear Editor:

Will you kindly add my name to your mailing list of the Embry-Riddle Fly Paper?

I was connected with one of your schools in the capacity of Sergeant Major at the Army Air Forces Training Detachment, located at Dorr Field, Arcadia, Fla., from the date of its opening until several months ago.

Since being transferred from that station I have missed the weekly edition of the Fly Paper and would appreciate it very much if I could be put on the active mailing list.

Sincerely yours,
Guy M. Minks,
M/Sgt., Air Corps.

Editor's Note: We regret your having missed any editions of the Fly Paper, Sergeant, but you will receive each issue including this one from now on. Let us hear from you again soon.

Letter From A Former Student

"I want to mention a possibly welcome bit of information relative to work at school. Last week we had an exam on electricity. About forty percent of the questions were on magnetos and we never had anything to do with them at school.

"About a day's instruction on theory, function, classification and repairs would prove extremely beneficial to those coming in the field as electrical specialists from Embry-Riddle.

"It is a gross oversight that we don't deal with anything ahead of the firewall, as it is our job to take care of spark plugs, starter motors, generators and magnetos. Please consider this and I'm sure a bit of instruction will be most useful to the boys after they are assigned.

"Please convey my fondest regards and sincerest thanks to each and every member of the faculty. Trusting they are all well and happy."

The above is an excerpt from a letter to Mr. Boultinghouse at the Coliseum from Pfc. Charles E. Grant who is now stationed in Louisiana.

SABOTAGE

by C. Howard West, Instructors School, Coral Gables



Gremlin who keeps Cadets from hearing the morning call

INSTRUMENTALISMS

FROM THE GRANADA SHOPS

by "Scoop" Setzer and Peggy Harrod

The Instrument Bowling team, Class B, known as "The Houghton Hot Shots," are burning up the League in 2nd place.

They succeeded in snowing under the Sand Blasters 2 to 1 last week. Dave Thomas is leading in individual scoring.

The credit for the secret of their perfect co-ordination and high marksmanship goes to "Dead Eye" Doane. It is she who makes "Hot Shot" Houghton, "Doubting" Thomas, "Slippery" Ellis, and "Cussin'" Kurys toe the line.

Keep up the good work, folks. Let's push on to 1st place!

W. Reed threatened to cancel his subscription to the Fly Paper if his name didn't appear in this week's column—*So please, Reed, continue to read the biggest little Fly Paper in town.*

We all bid farewell to "Andy" of the Stockroom. We're sorry to see him go and wish him luck.

The Passing Students

Group Three of Class 10-43 AMC gave a party last Thursday night. They entertained Miss Clarabell Kinker, who launched them so brilliantly in their present course by teaching them Basic.

Noting that the boys are now going through the Instrument phase of their course assures us that it was the high esteem in which they hold their former teacher and not the "extra points" bait that inspired them to make such a delightful gesture.

Ever hear something like this? "I won't mention any names but a certain Instructor had trouble last week. He was teaching something wrong. The men knew it was wrong and when they told him so, he paid no attention to them."

"What did you do about it?"

"Well, it wasn't in my department. It wasn't any of my business."

Brother, it is your business. Your business—my business—and the business of Uncle Sam. There is a positive sabotage and a negative sabotage. The first—by commission of a deed, the second—by omission of a duty.

The man who lands upon our shores armed and with explosives to blow up our War industry is a recognized saboteur whose punishment when caught is death.

There's more than one way to sabotage a country: You may sabotage its machines and you may sabotage its brains. Of the two, the latter is the more deadly.

It is presumed that you are a patriotic citizen. It is also presumed that at the risk of your life you would do all in your power to stop and prevent the U-boat borne saboteur from achieving his mission.

You are patriotic, yes, but sometimes you are blind: Better, say, a creature of habit. You have been in the habit of being called a nice guy, a good fellow. "Good fellows and nice guys don't rat on fellow-workers." You were taught that in peace time and the habit still remains.

Brother, this is War. It's not going to make a rat out of you; but there are a lot of peace time luxuries you're going to have to give up: One being the so-called nice guy of pre-War days. Remember, it's not somebody else I'm speaking to, it's *you*. The country isn't going to lose a War or win a War. *You're* going to lose a War or win a War, and unless you think of it that way you're not on our side—you're slugging for the other fellow.

This doesn't mean you're going to be a bunch of snoopers, it just means this: When you see something being done wrong, correct it. When you hear a rumor, check its source, don't, above all, spread it by shop-talk conversation.

Your investigation and correction may be accomplished diplomatically—"a word to the wise" is sometimes sufficient and should be appreciated. If the condition is not corrected immediately, then another face is turned toward you—you're now dealing with a saboteur with whom there is no quarter.

He may not be a paid emissary from the Axis headquarters, but he is an emissary of the false pride, egotism and stupidity which gave the other boys their start.

The guard outside the gate carries a gun. The guard inside the gate is *you*. You don't

need a gun, but sometimes you do need moral courage. You need the courage to take a chance that you may hurt someone's feelings.

To h— with their feelings. If they are going to be hurt by something like this, they should be hurt and hurt well.

Teaching has never been a job. It has always been a trust, dealing eventually in human destinies. Right now, yours is a trust dealing *directly* in human lives. There is no compromise between right and wrong.

A small thing, if wrong, will grow; and a wrong teaching planted in the minds of the mechanics may grow a cross over the grave of some pilot.

Accept your responsibilities as teachers. Deny yourself, if need be, the luxuries of peace time. View sabotage, intentional or unintentional, with the same eye and stamp it out with the same foot. Investigate all rumors, all hearsays that can cause internal destruction of our plant. Remember it's *your* War and *you* must fight it actively.

Tom Watson of Carlstrom Field says: Nine times out of ten taking a chance is a short cut—but on the tenth time you're cutting your own throat. Your *tenth* time may turn out to be the *first* time you step out of line.

Live to say to yourself, "I was careful." Don't leave it to the friends of the deceased to say, "He took a chance."



This guy is the one who changes examination papers

COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Helen Dillard

How unfortunate that there has to be a first paragraph . . . once it appears on the paper it is easy going, but oh what a feeling



when after thinking for an hour we glance at the paper and it is still a clean white sheet, unmarred by the thoughts of this feeble mind.

There we did it . . . that first paragraph at last . . .

now where is the easy going we mentioned with such confidence?

Friday morning with one eye opened and the moon the most beautiful shade of yellow we have ever seen, we started off, with sisters Connie and Jackie close behind, for the Tech School to get the 7:00 bus for Carlstrom Field.

Upon arriving at Tech we found June McGill, Rachael Lane, Vadah Thomas, Betty Bruce and Elaine Chalk, all there for the same reason, to go to a dance given by the graduating class of Cadets.

It would be impossible to put into words the delightful time we had, the beauty of Riddle, Dorr and Carlstrom Fields and the graciousness of our hostesses, Kay Bramlitt and Lydia Sammons, and our host Lt. Guest and the Cadets. To all of them we give our most sincere thanks.

Back to work on Monday morning found things going along as smoothly as ever . . . our absence not having caused any major calamities.

We looked around for Betty Prinzel but it was quite evident that she was not at her usual place by the door and upon inquiries we learned that she had moved upstairs to become Secretary to Mr. Bowen.

SEAPLANERS TAKE NOTE

Night classes in Ground School went into effect last Monday at the Seaplane Base.

Under the able tutelage of those eminent professors, Johnny Carruthers, II, and William J. Waters, Jr., classes will be held every week-day night from 7 until 9. Navigation on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and C.A.R. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

For further particulars call 2-0333, but you'd better hurry as Ruth Norton claims they will have to soon build a new building to take care of the enthusiastic students. Night classes are mighty convenient for those pressed for time.

Jinnie Mickel is moving to Chapman Field where she will become the new Secretary to Mr. Grindel. We will miss Jinnie, but never-the-less we wish her the best of luck with the new job.

Minnie Cassel was all smiles and we guessed the reason. Lt. Cassel has been stationed at the Thirty-sixth Street Airport . . . what luck for Minnie and all of us here at the Colonnade too . . . now we don't have to worry about losing Minnie.

We welcome to the Embry-Riddle family Doris Hunley, Secretary to Henry Graves, our Employment Manager. Mr. Graves and Doris are now occupying the office vacated by Mr. Jackson and Kitty Goff of the Ration Board, which is now located right off the main lobby.

Thus ends another column . . . and with oceans of love . . . Heavens, for a minute we thought we were Walter Winchell . . . wonderful what day dreaming can do for one.

Whitecaps

by Johnny Carruthers, II

Another week and another column, so here we Seaplane Basers go again.

I can't seem to write a column without saying something about Billy Waters. He doesn't like it, but it doesn't do him any good to kick. You're just too popular, Billy. The Seaplane Base got together last week and decided to get Billy and his wife, Helen, a present for "Butch" (the baby).

Typical Father

They decided on a baby-carriage and so proceeded to buy it for him. Now that he has it, I don't think the baby will get to enjoy it very much. "Pop" thinks he fits it better than the baby so he gets Helen to push him around the block to work up an appetite for breakfast. Such cruelty! O.K. Bill, I quit.

Still Knittin'

Pat Grant (Mrs. G.) is still knitting. First it's a scarf, now it's a pair of mittens. If she gets tired of one, she goes to the other but she keeps on knitting. She has had a little trouble with the mittens though, and had to go to "Boss" Norton for some dual. (She soloed in 30 minutes.)

We're going to hold a knitting group every Monday night from 10 to 1 if there is a good, full moon. So, ladies, if you're interested, go to your nearest police station to be photographed and finger printed and come knit with us.

Pauline Powell (Mrs. P.) now has her ground school rating on Aircraft and Theory of Flight, so that means the ground school classes are going full speed ahead. Congrats to Mrs. P.

Laff of the Week

Steve Grant is the one for the week. Steve has been planting cactus plants around the Base for the last week, and what does he do every day? He goes around pulling up the plants to see if they are still alive.

Ye gods! And then he digs another hole in the ground and replants the cactus. Give the poor plants a chance to get going.

Honors of the Week

Honors of the week go to Miss Norton, Mrs. Bertram, Pat Grant, and Steve Grant for giving their time to look for the lost Sessna. Each put in a full day of flying to aid in the search.

That's all, there ain't no mo'. I'll see you later. Hi, Dad.

TINY SUSIE IS DARLING OF THE SEAPLANE BASE

Seaplane Susie, belle of the Base, is rather a difficult biographical subject in spite of her importance, but we promised Ruth Norton we'd do right by her.



Susie

Susie has been interested in aviation for the entire five and one-half months of her life and aspires to no less than a commercial rating. However, her weight may be against her—she tips the scales at 12.02 ounces.

Susie first saw the light of day in Miami and her parents, Tinky and Pistol Chihuahua, without a protest, permitted her to be adopted by General Manager Ruth Norton. So, her legal home is now the Seaplane Base.

Questioned as to Susie's habits, good, bad or indifferent, Ruth is quoted as saying that "it depends upon one's viewpoint. However, she is an excellent alarm clock, guaranteed to go off at 5 a.m."

Susie is also an excellent guard—her bark easily can be heard from about three feet. The Seaplane Base is happy in its mascot and is only faced with the problem of a parachute when she starts her acrobatics.

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

From the Grind School comes news of the approaching marriage of Eddie Brennan and Virginia Welch of Taunton, Mass. The wedding will take place March 6th in Arcadia and all Dorr Field wishes them lots of happiness and good luck.

Another story from the Grind School concerns J. C. Huggins and his method of forecasting the weather. Just an old, old standby when you hear J. C. murmur "boys, she's agoin' to rain." You can be sure his corns hurt him, at least that's what was told us by the Reverend Hoten, master of ceremonies at the school of learning.

Airplane Maintenance

George Gray, a proud father—mother and daughter doing nicely. George was seen the other morning being led around by George Proctor, still in a daze.

Mildred Proctor to Alabama for a week or two. Margaret Lyons and Margaret Williams in the Form Room won't tell us anything, and they know plenty, too.

Mary Edna Parker in Miami over the weekend—has she any kinfolk in the city? Mary Edna has had reservations on the Riddle bus three weeks in advance for this event. We just hope he had open Post.

Before we forget it, folks, "Rabbi" Nico-demus has gone into the tailoring and altering business in a small way. For any future references, you can contact Mr. Spence of Accounting.

The new passes finally arrived and we want to congratulate Charle Ebbets—these passes don't look any worse than the previous ones?

Madelot Waters back on the switchboard, after a swing with the measles, and are the Guards glad. The Dorr Field Machine Shop building the first of several tow tugs for use at Carlstrom Field—yes sir, we lead the way.

The Army Side

Congratulations are due S/Sgt. Lambeth on his recent promotion—thanks for the cigar, Sergeant.

A card from Capt. Phillip, now stationed

in Arkansas, saying it was as cold as (censored). M/Sgt. Sharpe to Miami on a three-day pass.

Lt. Russell Fairbanks, Class 42-K, now stationed at Fort Myers, Fla., back at Dorr Field just visiting around. Homesick, he said.

The Guards have reached a decision concerning the Airdrome Officer stationed on the Field at nights—that during the AO's nightly check-up he will not shoot until he



Mrs. Lind, first lady Dispatcher at Dorr Field. Her husband is an Instructor at the Auxiliary Field.

has had at least 50 yards start and then will shoot only once.

The latest word from Pvt. Smothers is that he is recovering nicely. All Dorr Field wish him a speedy recovery.

We don't hear anything more of the games between the Officers and Enlisted men. What's the matter, couldn't the Officers take it?

Lt. Webster still on the sick list, the last heard from the Infirmary he was eating five square meals a day—maybe he is on the way to recovery?

Happenings come fast and furious to the Link Department. Pfc. Marshak is now a Corporal and wishes all and sundry to be aware of the fact and to please address him as Cpl. Marshak.

Pfc. Thompson has started to smile again, the reason? Mrs. Thompson finally arrived—we just hope that Thompson didn't oversleep as one fellow did when it was time to go to the depot to meet his wife.

Cpl. Martin trying to start a V-Garden—the neighbors complaining that they can hear some one hollering "left rudder and pull your stick back, center the needle." Of course the mule doesn't know what's happening, he ain't never had no Link training.

Pvt. Bond wailing that his beloved State of Vermont is all snowed in. Where is Vermont? It must be an Indian Reservation, though Bond's actions are unquestionable.

The talk of marriage in the Link Department is all talk. Pvt. George Evans and Miss Corinne Hammond, a Nashville, Tenn. girl, are being married March 6th. Dorr Field wishes both of them all the happiness possible.

The Short Snorter's Log

Our sympathies this week go to Ruth Campbell who the day before she was to get married had to go and develop a case of appendicitis. The wedding has been postponed until the first part of next month.

Mrs. Frances Mathis filling in for Ruth. Mrs. Mathis used to be in Personnel office. Welcome to Jackie Pickins, transferee from the Auxiliary Field now in the Time department.

Mrs. Priddy (Margie) a new typist in the State Commander's office. Welcome, Margie, we'll be around to see you each week to collect any gossip you may have.

The handsomest picture on the Post—that new pass of E. J. Sharkey. Well, he's a good looking guy, ain't he?

Several of the Instructors have revived an old-time favorite song hit of many years ago—"K-K-Katie, Beautiful Katie, You're the Only Little G-G-Girl That We Adore." We didn't know that you could sing? Neither did you, or did you?

With This Trio of Airmen, Who'd Dare Say "Abandoned Airport"?



To the extreme left we see none other than Dorr's genial Assistant Manager, Douglas Hocker. The little red "hoss" is around somewhere—we hope. In the center is Refresher School's Chief Instructor Johnny Fredenhall, while to the right is Johnny Lyons, Stage Commander.



Jack Hopkins, Editor

Nelva Purdon, Ralph Thyng, Johnny Potter, G. W. Morse, Brian Johnstone, Jerry Greenberger, Bob Ahern, Pat McGehee, G. Burgess, Milton Steuer, Mary Brink, Bob Fowler, Jimmy Wilkinson, Harold Curtis, Louise Roath, Associate Editors.

Last December we celebrated our first anniversary with the Embry-Riddle Company, and this week marks the end of our first year as the Fly Paper Associate Editor from Riddle Field.



We have enjoyed this year of "newshounding," and it has been a pleasure to work with the Editors of the Fly Paper, first, the founder, F. C. "Bud" Beland, and now our good friend Wain Fletcher

and her assistant, Vadah "Slave" Thomas.

Our gratitude is expressed for the cooperation and help we have received from the Associate Editors of the Riddle Round-Up column. These people, who are representing the various departments and Flights, have our sincere thanks for their splendid assistance.

And, as we start our second year on this weekly publication, we hope that all of us at Riddle Field will continue to work together for a bigger and better Riddle Round-Up, and consequently, a bigger and better Fly Paper.

Tragedy in One Act

The Time—A bright Sunday morning last month.

The Place—The Clewiston-LaBelle road.

The Crime—Unauthorized low flying at zero altitude.

The Explanation—"My front tire blew out on my super motorcycle, and you should have seen me flying over 'dope handlebars,'" said Advanced Instructor Fritz Sebek as he exhibited his scars, bruises and mutilated jacket. "My nose was zooming over that road at 40 miles an hour with my flaps up—blah, blah, blah."

The Result—He now has a line to shoot.

The Conclusion—We're all happy to hear that it wasn't a serious accident.

Mrs. Van Departs

Many a Riddle Field Cadet, present and past, will regret to know that Mrs. Joe Van der Velde, operator of the "Little Canteen," has closed out her business because of the shortages in food stuffs and other items.

Mrs. Van, as she is better known, has been the "mother" to many a Cadet during his stay here, always being sympathetic and understanding to fellows who are a long way from home. Her mail from Cadets

already back in England, and from their parents as well, is proof of her popularity.

So, Riddle Field says goodbye to you, Mrs. Van, not unmindful of your gracious deeds and splendid character—you will live in the memory of many forever.

"Duff Gen" on new "Secret Weapon"

As the breech block moves to the rear, the inlet valve is engaged by the QDM on the compass, causing it to stall, due to its high chemical stability, and thus disengaging it from the muzzle choke on the Mercator's Projection.

At the same time however, the lift drag ratio bears against the D/F loop in the oil-cooler and the exhaust gasses are forced down the wind-lanes into the Tropopause.

As the thermals force the locking piece into the occlusion, the ETA bears against the supercharger, thus causing a backlash which in turn causes the bullet to fall parallel to the aircrafts heading and at right angles to the barrel extension.

Round and About

Surprise visitors at the Wings Parade last week included Group Captain Hogan, who presented the Wings, President John Paul Riddle, John G. McKay, and Leonard J. Povey, Vice-President in charge of Flying Operations. A number of RAF officers from Washington accompanied Group Captain Hogan.

Attention Mr. Ripley—The reason that Primary Instructors Thompson, Hardin, Chiddex, Kurzman, Raynor and Sampson are walking around with haloes around their heads is — not a form one error among them! Amazing? Unbelievable? We should say so. They must know someone in Timekeeping.

Three more letters from our Riddle Field Alumni (Slave, note spelling) were received this week. Sgt. Pilot Syd Ainsley, Section Leader of Course 8, wrote us that he is planning and hoping to go on twin engine fighters. He sends his regards to Instructor Bing and says that Freddie Ball and Bob Gray of the same Course ask to be remembered to their friends here at the Field.

Mrs. C. J. Bivonna, wife of Lt. Bivonna who was formerly our Post Doctor, wrote us from Randolph Field, Tex., to say that they had appreciated the cooperation the Doctor had received here at the Field and that she especially appreciated the manner in which the Co-Pilots Club had made her feel so welcome. They send their "very

best regards to every one at Riddle Field."

Some additional "gen" about other Riddle Field Alumni came from our good friend Sgt. Pilot Ronnie Vaughan. Gwilym Thomas and Benny Stokes-Roberts, Course 6, are on a flying Instructors Course; Reg Farrow of the same Course, is now a happily married man, besides flying Spitfires; Syd Slape is taking a Navigation Instructors Course. In closing, Ronnie says that he is "building up flying hours by pushing Wellingtons around the sky."

A/C G. W. Morse of No. 3 Squadron has very kindly agreed to help us as an Associate Editor, being the Course 13 representative. Cadet Morse has had more than five years experience in newspaper work, including some time with the Associated Press.

We are happy to have you with us, Mr. Morse, and we know that you will be a valuable asset to the staff. Since Mr. Morse is the only Associate Editor from Course 13, we would be glad to have any other member assist us in the coverage of that Course.

Who Is It?—Our mystery picture this week is none other than Advanced Instructor Albert Lyons. No, it isn't a bad shot—the reason you don't see more of Mr. Lyons is that he is just 5 ft. 3 in. tall, and with the seat down and no cushions—well!

Sgt. Kitchen, P.T.I. left this last week for a posting in Canada—Good luck, Sergeant.

1st Lt. William B. Wilkins has arrived



Who is it?

at this station and has been made Chief Surgeon at the Infirmary. Lt. Klein will remain as his assistant.

Mrs. Helen Welsh is the new Canteen Manager, succeeding Miss Ivy Smith.

P.T.I. Corporal Moyes is supervising a number of tournaments for Cadets and employees. Competition in the tennis, soccer and rugger games has already started and we should have some of the results for the next issue.

Thought for the Week—Give heed to the arts of Nav. and Met., for it is better to sleep in thine own bed than with the beasts of the field.

Crack of the Week—Director of Flying Hunziker—"How can Flight Commander King be so dumb at times?" Flight Com-

mander King—"How can Instructor Leftwich be so dumb at times?" Instructor Leftwich—"How can Cadet Denham be so



Mrs. Joe Van der Velde

dumb at times?" Cadet Denham—"How can I be so dumb?"

Welcome Home

Pilot Officer Peter Brooks, who graduated from this Field with Course 6, visited his "alma mater" last Monday. Peter, along with Eric Miles, John Young, C. J. Maltby and George Sharp of the same course, had been retained in the States as Instructors and are stationed at Craig Field in Selma, Ala. Brooks was the first Cadet to visit Riddle Field after graduation, and everyone was certainly glad to see him.

From Our Files

February 26, 1942—Sgt. Pilot Brown of Course 1 writes Editor Belland from England . . . Assistant Gen. Mgr. Durden writes a biographical sketch of Gen. Mgr. Tyson . . . Tech School cagers defeat Riddlers 41-30 in the final game, the locals winning the series, 2 games to 1 . . . Party given for basketball players at Macfadden Deauville after the game . . . Jack Hopkins becomes Associate Editor from Riddle Field . . . Mr. Tyson reported "missing" for last two weeks, whereabouts unknown.

The Missing Links

Recently we adopted a new plan hoping to bring our Daily Attendance Report up to par. If a student deliberately misses a scheduled Link Period he has to come in on an Open Post night for an hour to make up the time.

The idea was to punish the students so as to avoid any absentees in the future. The joke is on us! We have more volunteers for Link at night than we can cope with. Were we surprised!

"Bond Fund"

Last week we introduced our "Bond Fund," patterned after that of the Flight Instructors, and it seems to be functioning properly. Glen Davis has his "hook" out for the bond and as of today he has a total of 0 (zero) errors.

Muriel Obermeyer has resigned her position with Embry-Riddle in Miami to join her husband in Clewiston and for the present will reside at the Clewiston Inn. Glad to have you with us, Mrs. Obermeyer.

Jon Pullen, our Maintenance man, has resigned his position with Riddle-McKay to join the Armed Forces. Good luck, Jon,

you did a swell job while you were here. Hope we'll be hearing from you occasionally.

Take a Bow, Ground School

Once again, the local ground school came through with "flying colors," as the Course 10 grades on the Wings Exams were tops of all the British Flying Training schools in the States. Chief Instructor Bjornson and Instructors Fowler, Thyng, Auringer, Cowlshaw, Sherman, Sgt. Pullen and Sgt. Chappell are to be congratulated on this achievement.

Riddlers Defeated

The Riddle Field cagers lost their first game of the season and were handed their worst defeat in two years as they were slaughtered by the Hendricks Field Bombbirds 33 to 17 last Friday. The Riddlers now have 4 wins against this loss.

After making the first basket, the locals were never in the ball game, which was played at Hendricks Field, near Sebring. The Bombbirds had an 8-2 advantage at the first stop, made it 16-8 at the half and 26-12 at the third quarter.

The Bombbird attack was evenly distributed, with almost every man in the lineup scoring. Lt. Ewart, formerly sta-



David E. Fox, Former Mess Hall Steward

tioned here, was one of the officials for the game. The summary:

Bombbirds (33)	fg	ft	pf
Ward, f	2	1	1
Heredia, f	4	0	0
Flynn, c	1	1	3
Rackick, g	2	0	1
Davis, f	2	0	1
Rodda, f	0	0	0
Gneckow, f	1	0	0
Hansen, c	1	1	1
Gerantopolos, g	0	0	0
Woolschlager, g	2	0	0
Totals	15	3	7

Riddlers (17)	fg	ft	pf
Place, f	1	0	1
Leapline, f	0	0	1
Lawrence, c	1	1	1
Hopkins, g	4	2	2
Taylor, g	1	0	1
Blount, f	0	0	0
Slade, f	0	0	0
La Flower, g	0	0	0
Totals	7	3	6

Points by Quarter:

Bombbirds	8	8	10	7-33
Riddlers	2	6	4	5-17

Officials—Brown and Ewart.



Mr. Parker at work in the Radio Dept.

Program . . . The RIDDLE FAMILY THEATRE

Feature Picture

"HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT"

with Jean Arthur, Charles Boyer,
and Leo Carrillo

Monday, March 1st
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, March 2nd
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, March 3rd
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, March 4th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

Feature Picture

"CHUMP AT OXFORD"

with Stan Laurel
and Oliver Hardy

Thursday, March 4th
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, March 5th
DORR FIELD

Monday, March 8th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place,
See Your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents

BERLIN IS THEIR BOMBING GOAL—OR BUST!



The third reunion for this Knoxville, Tenn., trio since enlisting in the Army Air Forces several months ago took place at Carlstrom Field recently. Left to right, Henry M. Cox, Jr., Herman H. Jenkins, Jr., and Fred C. Ford, Jr., pals since boyhood, discuss how they would enjoy piloting bombers on a block-buster raid over Berlin.

KNOXVILLE TRIO AT CARLSTROM

Three Army Air Force Cadets from Knoxville, Tenn., their ultimate goal to rain bombs on Berlin, have agreed that it isn't such a large world after all.

The trio, Henry M. Cox, Jr., 21, Herman H. Jenkins, Jr., 21, and Fred C. Ford, Jr., 23, now mastering banks and loops at Carlstrom Field, celebrated its last furlough at home together only a few months ago—the last, they were certain, they would see of one another for the duration. But these pals since boyhood reckoned without a fate of slightly different ideas.

Cox and Ford, who abandoned their books at the University of Tennessee to don khaki, were ordered to report to California for training; so they bade farewell to Jenkins who was to report later to the Classification Center at Nashville. When he arrived there, however, Cox and Ford were on hand to greet him.

Orders were soon posted for pilot pre-flight school and Jenkins and Ford found

themselves breaking away from their pal and heading for Maxwell Field at Montgomery, Ala. A week later Cox put in his appearance at the same training center.

Then came what seemed the final break of all, though, when Jenkins and Ford were assigned to Carlstrom Field for primary training. Cox was given a furlough and the trio rallied around for another goodbye session of reminiscences and handshaking.

A couple weeks ago when Jenkins and Ford were loitering at the front gate at Carlstrom to survey the incoming Lower Class, they had another surprise coming to them. The first Cadet to greet them was—you guessed it—Mister Cox himself. It was their third reunion.

Jenkins, who attended the University of Alabama, is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Herman H. Jenkins, Sr., 1931 Granville Terrace; Cox is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Cox, Sr., 221 Gibbs Road, and Ford is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Ford, Sr., 380 Twentieth Street.

CARLSTROM CAPTION

by James F. Downend

Everyone is having fun with the new identification photo-badges at Carlstrom. Kay Bramlitt of the General Manager's office and Kay Garner of the Canteen are holding out for photographs in technicolor (Ps-sss-s to show the pretty hair. Women with the golden crown, Amen!)

Rod Vestal has a moustache attached to his "Mugged" photo that has a definite resemblance to Jerry Colona, screen funny-man.

The Valentines that were handed out by Rod, acting postman and fun-rascal of February 14: Jackie (Juliet) Livingston had a beau-ti-ful Valentine from one Romeo! So touching, such sentiment! No thought of blaming a Sergeant in the Army office. The man with two last names, Doyle Edwards. First name—? Romeo!

The Valentine that Kay Bramlitt and Loretta Dickhaut received with signature of yours truly. Could it be that the signature was forged? Could sender afford separate Valentines to his girls? What will happen next week in this exciting mystery, with a redhead and a beautiful brunette at each other's throat?

NEW "ISMS"

Continued from Page 1

These men are to be found at all the Army Fields. They have set up the program as the Army has standardized it, a program incorporating en masse activities, group activities, conditioning and activities with carry-over values. The program is showing results. The soft boys have become hardened, the men who were in good shape have become even better.

Taking Carlstrom Field as an example, we find four men representing the Physical Training department—Lt. McCormick acting as director, Lt. Haring, Cpl. Treadway, and Pvt. Roberts.

Lt. McCormick, a Michigan University graduate, is an athlete who has spent 15 years in the program. Most of these years have been as a high school coach and as manager of one of the best and largest health institutes in the country, Sidney-Hill of Detroit—a business in which you have to sell the program and show results or else.

Lt. Haring is a graduate of Emporia State Teachers College. Thirty years old and a college three letter man, he has spent seven years as a coach of basketball, football and track. Yes, he has had some very successful years.

Cpl. Treadway, a high school athlete of note, spent a number of years in City League Tennis competition at Asheville, N. C. He came to us from Maxwell Field where he had charge of Basic Instruction for recruits and where he also handled their physical training work.

Pvt. Roberts is a graduate of Indiana University, where he participated in wrestling and tumbling. He coached in high school for several seasons. With the advent of War he volunteered as a Cadet, in the Air Corps, but he was unfortunate inasmuch as it wasn't in the cards for him to be a flyer.

He was placed in Physical Training upon his request and has been very successful here. He seems to have something "extra," probably because he had been through the "mill" and has that added Cadet insight.

So there you have it—maybe you weren't

CURRY'S NEPHEW



Cadet John E. Blank, 18-year-old nephew of City Manager A. B. Curry, makes a notation in his flight log at Carlstrom Field.

aware of it—you can bet your bottom dollar that plus the best flying instruction in the world, the Cadet here at Carlstrom Field is getting some of the best physical conditioning. So come on, you Sons of Hirohito, we're more than a match for you.

TOM WATSON TURNS POET

Alfred, the Fearless Boy Wonder

*Into the wild blue out yonder—
Into a bright cloudless sky—
Alfred, the Fearless boy wonder
Buzzed off to do or to die.*

*His heart overflowed with sheer
daring;
His smile, it was crafty and sly;
For safe in the chute he was wearing,
There was nothing that he wouldn't try.*

*He dived on four bulls and he sent 'em
Stampeding for cover below;
And then, with terrific momentum,
He rolled on his back smooth and slow.*

*He felt this maneuver was safe enough,
In view of his uncommon skill.
And besides, if he practiced to strafe
enough,
More Nippons and Nazis he'd kill.*

*He'd been cautioned and had strictest
orders
Against flying too close to the ground.
But a farmer with four lovely daughters
Said he flew by his house upside down.*

*Which quite likely explains why they
found him,
With his parachute still neatly packed,
And his face in the dirt that had
ground him
When both of his wing spars had
cracked.*

ALLOVER OVERHAUL

CARLSTROM FIELD

by Bleeka Kistler

The workers in Hangar One wish to extend thanks to H. Roscoe Brinton, our General Manager, for making provisions for parking in the rear of the hangar. Since the new shoe rationing, this is a great help in saving "old leather."



More of our women are going in for the mechanical end of our overhaul. About eight were transferred this week from the various other departments to final assembly—go to it, girls, we know you can do it.

We are sorry to lose one of our family this week. Eleanor Chambers of Fuselage Repair left for Daytona Beach where she is to receive her first training as a member of the WAACs. We'll miss you, Eleanor . . . Good luck.

Lloyd Rames, our Chief Inspector, made a trip to Miami last week accompanied by Al Williams, also of the Inspection department. From what small bits of information we are able to obtain, they were well received and were shown throughout the divisions of our company. Why the limp, Lloyd? Did one of the attractive escorts land a well aimed foot, or did Williams lead you astray?

The boys tell us that Pete Prince is doing a swell job in Miami Aircraft Overhaul and that he and the Mrs. are very happy. By the way, Pete housed and fed them on their last night there which proves we're just one Big Happy Family.

Marion Stevens has taken up bowling as a weight reducer—braids and all. If you have any results, Marion, I think you will have some company at the alleys each night.

Congratulations to our cute little brunette, Jackie Pickens, who has been transferred to the Administration building. Little "Lulu" is temporarily alone amidst the Tech orders and inspection records—We all hope the ordeal isn't too much for her.

Robert Sumeralls is back from the frozen plains of Union City to work once again in the Form Room. Glad you're back, Robert, but wish you had left the cold weather behind in Union City.

I just noticed Dave Pearce and Jack Pooser engaged in deep conversation. Jack looks rather unhappy. What's up, Jack?

Helen seems to be attracted frequently to the Dope Shop. I guess we're slipping—we can't get the dope on the situation.

Boys and Gals, have you seen Clarence Harrison in his new cowboy boots? He doesn't bring a horse; so the only reason I can find for Clarence's wearing boots is that it's a long walk to the infirmary and boots have plenty of leather.

The Timekeeping department has its doors locked during the day now. Could it be because each girl within has a romance glowing and the "powers that be" want to keep it glowing outside the office? Or is it to keep Louise Crossely, Hazel C., Ella Mae Carlton and Jenne Mack from stealing off to fly an airplane? All are learning to fly.

Shop glimpses this week show the Fuselage Repair department increasingly active and expanding—same applies to Woodwork. The odor of the dope predominating reminds the girls of the nice manicures they long since have abandoned for defense.

Jan Klint talking earnestly to Dave Pearce—Dave Pearce talking earnestly to the Foremen by turns—Charlie Bethel whistling as he inspects wings—Ken Anderson with his "How's everything today?"—Gladys Locklear and Sophie Langford doing their bicycle riding exercise operating the safety belt machine—all in all it's a very, very busy shop.

Jim Suits has returned after a nice vacation. It's great to have him back with his ready smile and wit—grand season of the year for a vacation—eh, Jim?

Rumor has it that Lois Currie's ambition is to trip the light fantastic down the aisle with her soldier—but these three-day furloughs are heck—no time for making romantic plans. Better luck next furlough, Lois!

Joe Gorman refers to Don Anderson as "faithful Don." Joe says Don won the title with his unfailing dependability and ability. That's all for Allover Overhaul. Be back next week.

BROTHERS ON THE FLIGHT LINE



Left to right, Joe R. Dobson, 25, and James Dobson, 21, brothers, of St. Cloud, pause to chat on the flight line at Carlstrom Field. Before entering the Army Air Forces, Joe, who is married, attended Southern Methodist University in Texas, and James was a student at the University of Minnesota where he was a member of the freshman tennis team.

FORMULA FOR FUN

by Vadah Thomas

Take one large, smooth dance floor, add one good orchestra, and mix with any large number of Karlstrom Kaydets. Leave the combination quite alone for about five hours and the result will be the choicest brand of fun on the market.

Now all this alone would have been quite enough, but there's even more coming; so let's start with 7 a.m. in Miami and a bus filled with girls chattering, girls knitting, and girls just plain shivering—from the cold plus various shades of anticipation.

But we *couldn't* have anticipated *all* the good things that came our way during our jaunt to Carlstrom for the graduation dance. And who'd have wanted to anticipate all those nice surprises?

We were eight:

1, Helen Dillard, who knitted demurely by

I, Betty Bruce, who had the supreme advantage of being foot loose and fancy free, with nary a fiance lurking in the background to cramp the style of my pale blue dress and intriguing little bow.

I, Vadah Thomas, who is going to be safely entrenched in a suit of heavy armor before the above bits reach the hands of the other seven.

"The things that try men's souls" must have run round and round the head of W. C. Thornton, who put up with our antics longer, probably, than anyone else. Driving to and from the Field, it was he who had the double duty of gathering us together after each stop and maintaining his bus schedule.

After brief stops at Riddle Field, then at Dorr, Carlstrom hove into view, white

MIAMI GIRLS WALK "TOURS" AT CARLSTROM



Representing the Miami Divisions at a graduation dance held last Friday for the Cadets at Carlstrom were: left to right, Jacqueline Dillard, Connie Henshaw, Elaine Chalk, Rae Lane, June McGill, and Helen Dillard. Betty Bruce and Vadah Thomas, not pictured, also attended. Cadet Henry Cox is seen at the left directing the girls as they see what it's like to walk "tours" around the swimming pool. From the width of the smiles, they seem to be enjoying the military brand of punishment, but it could be that they're remembering last night's fun.

day and vamped everybody else's Cadet by night.

I, Jacqueline Dillard, whose big brown eyes melted many a lad.

I, Connie Henshaw, whose irresistible winking was soon outlawed as "unfair competition."

I, June McGill, who added glamour and more to our crew of eight.

I, Rae Lane, who will be awarded the Kitty Foyle medal for "patience beyond the call of duty" as a result of smiling ceaselessly throughout the many tirades of teasing instigated by June.

I, Elaine Chalk, with my curly dark hair and twinkling eyes, who wore my "new mouth" especially designed for me by the Dillard girls.

and gleaming, symbolizing the good time we were approaching.

Lt. Guest, Special Service Officer, who had made all the arrangements for our stay, greeted us. Adding the feminine touch were charming and helpful Kay Bramlitt and Lydia Sammons. As eight girls to two girls, we think you were swell!

A tour of the Field conducted by Lt. Guest proved interesting, and we recognized immediately its value relative to our work. Lunch in the Officers' Mess with Kay and Lydia gave "Carlstrom" and "Miami" an opportunity to get acquainted.

Questions popped on all sides. "Where will the dance be held?" "How do we get there?" "Where can we have dinner?" But the Carlstromettes had an answer for every-

thing. There would be no "shifting for ourselves," it was evident. Arrangements for us could not have been more minutely planned had we been visiting royalty.

Shortly after lunch we said good-bye to the Field for a while in favor of a jaunt to Arcadia where those necessities one always forgets to bring were found. Perky little bows to add the final touch to evening regalia . . . tooth brushes and paste for those "Ipana" smiles we expected to use to the fullest advantage . . . and of course a little window shopping to find out what was new in Arcadia.

Back to the Field for dinner where several student officers kept us company, and, we think, were a little abashed at the hilarity of eight girls in a pre-party mood.

Saying good-bye to the patient student officers and scampering back to the Plaza to dress. Then the dance . . . and the Cadets . . . and dance floor chit-chat . . . and the Cadets . . . and good natured rivalry . . . and the Cadets . . . mostly the Cadets.

Tall Cadets . . . short Cadets . . . and in between Cadets . . . but no difference in the degree of gentlemanliness. They couldn't have been nicer, and we couldn't have had a better time.

We think your dance was a huge success, Carlstromites, and we'd like to ask ourselves back sometime, if you wouldn't think us too bold.

EPILOGUE

by Betty Bruce

Questions that Pass in the Night: Who walked off with what Cadet that Blank and Blank were flipping coins for?

Who was wearing a peek-a-boo bang better than Veronica Lake?

Who made flimsy excuses to get to sit by the Lieutenant at dinner?

Ladies and Gentlemen: Eight girls know the answers to the above questions. May they remain dark secrets forever.

NEW BOOKS AT TECH

Encyclopedia Britannica, 1943, 24 volumes.

Aircraft Detail Drafting, by Meadowcraft.

Rules of Order, by Roberts.

Radio Engineers' Pocket Book, Camm.

Aircraft Propellers, by Harlacher.

Lightplane Flying, by Langewiesche.

Testing of Internal Combustion Engines, by Young and Pryer.

Modern Radio Servicing Technique, by Radcraft Publications, Inc.

All About Frequency Modulation, by Radcraft Publications, Inc.

Appleton's New Spanish Dictionary, by Cuyas and Llano.

The American Student Flyer, by Hamburg.

Fundamentals of Vacuum Tubes, by Eastman.

Radio Code Manual, by Nilson.

Camouflage with Planting, by Root.

Navigation and Meteorology, by Surgeover.

ENGINE NOISES

Miami's Engine Overhaul

by Gladys C. Goff

"Shang" and your correspondent shared the doghouse last week. Shang got too frisky with a German shepherd, we hear, and beat him up. So our mascot is confined to quarters for the duration. This correspondent had the excuse of cold weather and a lot of work.

We had some real excitement here last week. Our test stands caught on fire. Supervisor (also "Fire Chief") Lester Dunn and his brave crew battled valiantly with the flames and, we are glad to report, shortly had them under control. We even had the Miami Fire Department out, although the fire had been extinguished when they arrived.

Fireman, Save My Child!

Safety Chairman Pelton put on a sprinting act that we're sorry we missed seeing. Charley Mack (Shop Fire Chief), Charles Grafflin, Percy Branning, Larry Varier, Sam Davis, Eddie Atwell, and the two test stand porters, were the heroes of the blaze. Fireman, save my child!

Embarrassing moments plus: Was Helen Gates' face red when she locked the Cafeteria door, only to look around the glass a moment later and discover that she had locked out Mr. Riddle.

Latest Engine Overhaul romance is between Len Cooper and a few shapely Lycomings. He escorts these engines around the shop like a mother hen with chicks.

Pat Drew, our poetess, is a pianist of very pleasing ability, according to our

ALWAYS JUNE IN MIAMI?



Hugh Kulpepper, Guard at Miami's Engine Overhaul Division, protects himself from the icy blasts while he glances at the Listening Out edition of the Fly Paper.

Secret Operative Number One. She entertained at an informal jam session the other day in the Cafeteria, to the delight of those within hearing distance.

While we were canvassing the Shop t'other day for the Manpower Board, we discovered a heart-warming fact. Nearly every married man in our Shop carries a picture of his wife with him and will

proudly show it to anyone upon the slightest provocation. We saw some very good looking pictures that way. My, my, ain't love grand?

Secret Operative Number Two wants to know what is this thing called love? It certainly does do things to Helen Stafford,

RESTRICTED AREA INMATES



These four attractive girls can be found in that restricted area back of the Tech School—at the A & E Division Headquarters building. Reading from left to right: Marje Reddin, switchboard operator; Beatrice Monroe, Secretary to Fred Foote and Ted Nelson; Patricia McNamara, Secretary to the Air Depot Detachment; and Katherine Bruce, Secretary to Joseph R. Horton, Vice-President in charge of the Aircraft and Engine Overhaul Division.

who was radiant when S/Sgt. Ed Lynch was in town recently on furlough.

Allene Johnson is out of the hospital now, which is news we all like to hear. And Lars Lundgren has recovered sufficiently from his operation to allow him to come back to work.

Lewis Shackleford is back after spending some time in the U. S. Navy. New employees include Marion Steenrod, Doris Ryan, Hermas Gibeau, transfer from Tech School, Rubie Bosley, Mary Ann Bishop, Berry Marsh, Marvin Hood, Helen Langdale, Marie Bushgens, George Zateslo, Edward Douchette, Martha Jean Snodgrass, Daisy Mae Schaffner, Claud Farnham, Albert Redding, and William Riedel. We'll soon have to have a separate column just to name our newcomers.

New Style in "Handbags"

Maud Dodge is setting a new style with the "handbag" she carries in the line of duty. The first thing we know, the girls will be carrying their compacts in these flat job card holders.

Our lively Spark Plug department is watching with interest Tarzan's new romance. Or could they be learning how to roll their eyes by watching pretty Eva Morris? Torch-carrier Marian McSwain is twitterpated over handsome Freeman Register of the Tech School. These Spark Plugs really get around.

A last word about Mr. Grafflin and Bill Ehne and their walking race to the Cafeteria for lunch. Bill won by three yards.

Maybe he was afraid the loser would have to buy the lunches.

See you next week (I hope).

THEY DID IT AGAIN

by Sgt. Gunter

The Permanent Party "Flashes," still clicking smoothly and with Sgt. Graziano tossing another two-hitter, coasted to a 4-1 victory over Class 11-43-E in the Embry-Riddle Softball Elimination Tournament.

Class 11-43-E took a 1-0 lead in the first half of the first inning on a single by DeJarlais. Walks by Burlett and Fike and an error by Santman on a slow roller in the infield, only to have the P.P.'s take a 3-1 lead in their half of the inning on walks to Lehr and Graziano, doubles by Gunter and McCarthy and a single by Santman.

The P.P.'s lead was never threatened and they added another run in the sixth when Graziano singled, stole second and third and scored on Santman's roller in the infield.

Line-ups

P.P.'s		Class 11-43-E	
G. Lehr	ss	Pvt. Hostetter	lf
Sgt. Gunter	1b	Pvt. DeJarlais	r
T/Sgt. Graziano	p	Pvt. Burlett	c
Pvt. McCarthy	lf	Pvt. Fike	ss
Pfc. Santman	3b	Pvt. Swinton	2b
Lt. Wells	c	Pvt. Leibovitz	3b
Pvt. Hacking	2b	Pv. Kaczmarczyk	1b
Pfc. Velez	r	Pvt. Disabato	rf
S/Sgt. Levoy	cf	Pvt. Quinn	cf
Cpl. Hawkins	rf	Pvt. Browning	p

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
11-43-E	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	4
P.P.'s	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	4	5	2

"FAREWELL"

by James J. Meyer, Class 1-43-AMC

To you the Officers and Personnel of the Embry-Riddle School, we, the members of Class 1-43-AMC, wish to express our appreciation for all that has been ours in these four months with you.

At times the going was tough, but the School has become a part of us that will go with us as we take up our new duties. Whatever those duties may be, we can at least be sure that our training here at Embry-Riddle will show its value.

We Shall Not Forget

We haven't absorbed everything, but we have learned enough to form a foundation for our future. As we see the benefits of our labor, there will be in our hearts a memory of and a feeling of appreciation to you all.

Even after our job is done and we return to our homes once more, that which has been taught us here will be of value.

So now we say "Farewell," and although our simple words cannot express our feeling, we will have you know that we have the highest gratitude in our hearts.

MATERIEL CONTROL

MIAMI DIVISION

by Joan Lowry

I had the pleasure of visiting three of our Fields last week but am afraid I will never be able to tell you how interesting the trip was.

Here goes — I left Miami Monday morning and if you remember it was one of the coldest days we have had this year, but after a while I began to thaw out. Mr. Buxton made the ride very interesting as he is quite familiar with the country. The country is bare, but there is always a certain beauty in miles and miles of land.

We stopped for lunch in Lake Harbor, which you may know is noted for its green beans. Really, I never saw so many beans in all my life. But to get back to lunch—oh dear, the food that was put before me, not one vegetable but at least a dozen. I won't tell how much of a pig I made of myself.

Dozens of Planes

After we had ridden for a while longer I noticed many planes in the air, literally dozens, so I knew we were not far from our first stop.

Yes, Riddle Field at Clewiston is a very beautiful place. Our first stop at the Field was the Stockroom, where E. D. Kelly and his staff were busy at their daily work. After seeing the Stockroom, Kelly and I settled down to straighten out a few problems that inevitably come up in our work.

Mr. Kelly recently started a little game in the Stockroom—every time a member of the office force makes an error he drops a nickle in a little jar. Jimmie Ball is in the lead, but he says he will fool them all—he'll just put his whole pay check in. Sue Gary has contributed a little, so has Oliver Schoeder, and, yes, even Mr. Kelly has forfeited some five cent pieces. When the jar is full they are going to have a party, which I think is a very good idea. Make the jar jingle enough and you will soon learn to be more careful.

Curious Little Girl

Before we left Riddle Field Mr. Buxton took me over to see Mr. Hutson who is Chief of Maintenance. Being a very curious person I asked a million and one questions, and Mr. Hutson was very gracious in explaining.

Our next stop was Dorr Field, which is quite different from Riddle Field, but each has a certain beauty of its own. Again our first visit was to the Stockroom, where Mr. Mathews, Mr. Scheuer, and Betty Stephens greeted us. Cold as it was Betty and I straightened out a few problems, then we were off to see Donald Peck who is in charge of Personnel, and who was at the Tech School a while back.

We also met Mr. and Mrs. Spence, a very charming couple. Mr. Spence is in charge of the Accounting department. I regretted leaving Dorr but time was growing short.

Last but far from least we came to Carlstrom Field and I was flabbergasted. Yes, Mr. Lightfoot and Abbie Mercer were on hand to greet us and we also met Mr. Farmer and Nell LaMar, who are Stock Clerks. After Abbie and I had done our work we ambled over to the Canteen, and I must admit that I wouldn't mind working there with all those charming people. "Yes and the Cadets are very nice."

Unexpected Guests

Mr. Lightfoot called his wife and before Mr. Buxton and I knew it we were on our way to his home for dinner. Most women would have had a spasm over unexpected guests but not Mrs. Lightfoot. Her grace and ease was such that you would have thought she had known in advance we were coming.

I never ate so much in all my life. Yes, there were delicious hot biscuits—Mr. Lightfoot and I had to hide them from Mr. Buxton after we found that eight had mysteriously disappeared.

After dinner we all sat around the fire

and during our conversation I told Mr. Lightfoot that several people had asked me how "Grandma" was. I didn't want to seem dumb so I said, "Oh, just fine," but that I had been talking in the dark and would he please tell me who "Grandma" was. Well, he did and I knew that I had not been wrong in my answer, for Mr. K——, is always fine and a very charming "Grandma" he is too.

Memories Linger On

The next day Mr. Buxton and I departed early and arrived at Riddle Field just in time for lunch at the Mess Hall where the food was delicious. As time was growing short we went on to Miami. I can't say that I was anxious to get home as I had such a delightful time that I would have enjoyed a much longer stay. But here I am back again with memories that will linger on.

Here is a toast I'd like to make to Riddle, Dorr and Carlstrom Fields: The beauty of each is hard to describe. The work that is being done is unsurpassed. The people are those Americans who will help keep our land that we hold so dear "America The Land Of The Free."

So until next week when I'll be knocking on your door.

Your girl Friday

GREMLINUS GERMANUS

DRESS SHOPPE



The Bond can wait. Go on—buy the dress.
You don't need it, but then they might ration clothes soon!

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Jimmy Glover, Editor

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Associate

A/C Trenholm, Ken Stiverson, Alva Nelle Taylor, Associates

Frank Haynes, Paul Moore, Photographers

Dear Fly Paper Pals:

Yep, you guessed right, if you guessed our Who's Who last week to be Charlie Sullivan, Assistant Director of Flying here at the Field. We're going to run another in our next spasm sheet which will come next week.

Headlines for this week are this: "Mechanics at Embry-Riddle Field average 90 on recent CAM Examination." Yep, that's right. The Civilian Mechanics here at the Field who have been studying in Ground School and doing their practical on the Line are on the ball. Not a failure in the group.

We're expecting another class to start soon. The former class was instructed in the School by T. C. Cottrell, Engines Instructor, Larry Walden, and E. L. Clark, Instructor in Theory. We are expecting more good results from the next class under this supervision.

Another examination, not a written but a practical, was taken here by Joe Harpole (Holder of Field Pass No. 1) who has been associated with the Parachute department since the inception of the Field. Joe, now 18, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Harpole, was awarded a C.A.A. certificate as a parachute rigger, and he is believed to be the youngest licensed parachute rigger in the United States.

He started work at the Field eight months ago and has received all of his training under Melvin Carlton, Chief Parachute Rigger, who came here from Arcadia when the Field started operation last summer.

Young Harpole, who was graduated from Union City High School in the Spring of 1941, passed his written examination as a parachute rigger two weeks ago at Memphis and passed his practical examination before C.A.A. Inspector C. V. Hopkins of Nashville last week.

He thus becomes one of the 751 parachute riggers to be licensed in the United States. Congratulations, Joe, and happy riggin'.

He now becomes Assistant to Melvin Carlton.

'Chute Packing

Roy Wehman was working as an Apprentice Rigger here until he left for the Service last month. Miss Helen Bond of Martin is now serving an apprenticeship at the Field under Mr. Carlton. Carlton, a native of Arcadia, received his training under John D. Fradet, who was Chief Rigger at Arcadia, and whose 'chute packing methods have been adopted by the Paratroopers training at Ft. Benning, Ga.

Major and Mrs. William A. Hart were weekend guests of our General Manager,

"Boots" Frantz, and Mrs. Frantz. Major Hart has been transferred to the new Basic Flying School at Newport, Ark., from Carlstrom, where he has been stationed for the past two years. The visit was made while they were en route to their new home.

We likewise welcomed the presence of a former Cadet, now Lt. Thomas N. Arrington, who belonged to the second class to graduate from Union City. Lt. Arrington left this Field for Basic training at Greenville, Miss., and then won his wings and commission at the Army Advanced Flying School at Blytheville, Ark.

Midnight Communique from Operations

Howard Cooper gave Bob Boyle and West Virginia Brannon this one to mull over. When a man kills his father it is patricide. His mother, matricide. His bother, fraticide. What would it be called if you killed your sister? It's rather an unpleasant subject, but Brannon and Boyle went around all day mumbling to themselves.

Dispatches received lately say that Ernestine Mathis of Buildings and Grounds just can't resist Mac's fetching smile. She likes Kaywoodie pipes too.

Anne McCord, Dispatcher, sings a cute song, "Billy Boy, Oh My Charming Billy." She is fickle though. Likes to fly in Culvers.

Betty Whitehorn of Army Supply wanted to know how an Instructor could ride dual with a Cadet in those "little bitty Link Trainers."

Major George Ola and Lt. Kenny Brugh breezed in and visited a couple of days. It seems that we are pretty well standardized. No kick, anyhow.

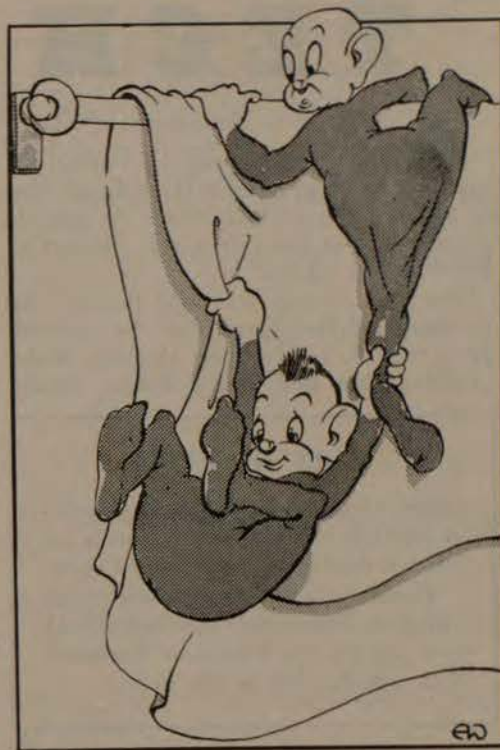
The Spirit to Win

We can't understand why there is so much fussin' over the 48 hour week. The labor unions should take a tip from the spirit shown here. The Instructors work at least 10 hours a day six and sometimes seven days a week, and never grumble. There's a War to win and we have to give it all we've got.

Our latest releases to the Ferry Command have been Instructors Nellie Rabun and Augie Miller. We hated to see them go but wish them luck in their new undertaking.

Lt. John N. Tolar, who approves this spasm sheet each week by signing his John Henry to it after he has suffered himself to read it through and make needed corrections, was promoted last week to the rank of 1st Lieutenant. Congratulations, Lieutenant, you're a swell guy and the Fly Paper as far as Embry-Riddle Field is concerned, owes you a note of gratitude.

The basketball team from the Field suffered a defeat at the hands of the Martin



The Gremlins who mess up towels just before inspection

University of Tennessee Cagers last week because of the lack of reserves. A comeback engagement was slated for another date. The schedule of this team is really staying full and methinks we could use more of the talent on the Field for players if you'll come out.

Hot Cha Cha

"Bottle Neck" Bangs, Flight Instructor, had to go to Hornbeak, Tenn., to secure talent for the dance at the Pilot's Club, Saturday nite. Nothing can be sweeter than the melody of a hot string band with gourds and jugs in the rhythm section. Whoopie. Hot cha cha cha. Louise Cashion, Dispatcher, says that all the men in her home town can play the fiddle. Yep, both of them.

Did anyone notice the resemblance between June Dowland, Dispatcher, and Instructor Woody Woodward? Enough alike to be brother and sister.

We wonder why the boys read Helen Dillard's column first? Could her picture at the top have anything to do with it? Does she skate?

We phoned Irv Kussrow, Superintendent of Maintenance, the other day and came to the conclusion that little Irv Junior is a mighty man indeed. His lusty yells drowned out his papa's best efforts to make himself heard over the wire.

After dishin' all this dirt I will probably have to duck for a couple of days, so "Aw Revooor," as they say in France, as the Nutsies depart to give the Russians some practice in rat exterminating!

Don't let those Gremlins keep you from doing your part. Buy Defense Bonds regularly.

TECH TALK

by Anne Elrod

Have you ever stopped to realize the significance of an address these days? Few of us as yet have had reason to become as conscious as has our own Jo Skinner of Mr. Riddle's office.

She was recently informed through the International Red Cross that she may address mail to her brother, Dumont Wade, c/o Japanese Red Cross, Tokyo, Japan.

HELP WANTED

The Dade County Defense Council is sending out a plea for women civilian volunteers for the Filter Center.

There is a vital need for more women in this work. Please call 9-1441 and ask for the Volunteer Bureau—they will be glad to talk to you.

Chin up, Jo, and remember that all of us have made a solemn pledge to our boys out there and we *intend* to keep it.

Jo is "carrying on," as usual, and along with Elaine Devery is trying to master the Portuguese language under their tutor par excellence, Adrianito Ponso of Brazil.

Does everybody know that Mary Jo Milligan of Military Engines middle-aided it last Friday afternoon in Palm Beach with John McDermott of the United Press Bureau? The orchids that she wore on Monday were a dead give-away. All the

luck and happiness in the world to you both!

And did everybody see Ensign Dave Hendrick, Ben Turner's able assistant, in his uniform before he departed Saturday on active duty with the Navy? He looked positively handsome.

We'll soon be saying good-bye and good luck to Jim Patterson of Personnel when he leaves for Camp Blanding on March 2nd. (What will Jerry ever do?) Fred Kester-son, Assistant Steward in the Mess Hall Stockroom, bade a fond and proud "so-long" to his 17 year old son, Aubrey, Apprentice Seaman, when he left for Jacksonville.

Back from the frozen North this weekend came George Wheeler—and then came Adele Balsaukas of Mimeograph from Connecticut, where she had gone to visit her mother. Glad to have you back again! On the job after a short illness, we have again Mr. Barker of Military Aircraft and Louise McEnany.

As we go to press, we wish we could say the same of Rita Harris and Dot Fietlau of Mimeographing. Hurry and get well, kids, because we miss you! Virginia Hunter has been transferred to the office of Bruce Haughton, K. C. Smith's "right hand man."

We take this opportunity to wish muchas felicidades y buena suerte to our good friends Ladislao Guerrero and Juan Mena for earning their Commissions as Lieutenants G. N. in the Nicaraguan Air Force,

FUTURE "MISS MIAMI"



Charmaine McDougall, 34 months old daughter of M/Sgt. and Mrs. K. H. McDougall and youngest sister of Rosemary Younis, Tech School Messenger, won a health award and third prize in the sixth annual Baby Contest sponsored by the Orange Blossom Club of Miami at Bayfront Park February 19. Charmaine's father is with the American Forces somewhere in Africa, and we know that he will treasure the news this issue of the Fly Paper brings him.

which is under the command of Major Guillermo Rivas C. Major Rivas also attained his new rank in a recent ceremony celebrated in Nicaragua on President Anastasio Somoza's birthday.

Let's say good luck also to another of our Latin-American students, Lt. Frank Medina, who was called back to Cuba on active duty with the Navy. The Fifth Floor "Cafres" have moved into their apartment house at 39 Sidonia Ave., Coral Gables.

On tour for two days were—eight of our lovelies—Betty Bruce, Elaine Chalk, Connie Henshaw, Helen Dillard, Jacqueline Dillard, Rae Lane, June McGill and Vadah Thomas.

The gals left here Friday morning via inter-Field bus and upon arriving at Carlstrom Field were greeted by Lt. Guest. On hand also to meet them were Kay Bramlitt, Len Povey's Secretary, and Lydia Sammons who were more than wonderful to our gals.

After lunch in the Officers' Mess, the party was made comfortable in the Plaza Hotel. Dinner with the Student Officers was excellent except for the fact that no one would touch the onions in the salad and, to a gal, edged around them in hopes—well—in hopes!

On to the dance then at the Tourist Camp with the graduating class of U. S. Army Cadets. A wonderful time was had by all. "Why don't we do this more often," they say. Also was a tour of the Field with

General Krogstad and Group During Embry-Riddle Inspection



A general inspection of the Embry-Riddle Technical School training facilities was made Tuesday by Brig. Gen. Arnold N. Krogstad, the new Commanding General of the Fifth District Army Air Forces Technical Training Command, with headquarters at Miami Beach. The above group accompanied General Krogstad on the inspection tour of Army operations in the Tech School and in Coral Gables. Left to right, James E. Blakeley, General Manager of the Technical Division; General Krogstad, Lt. Col. Tracy Davis, Training and Operations Officer on the General's Staff; K. C. Smith, Supervisor of Technical Training; Maj. Francis B. Clements, Commandant of the Embry-Riddle Army Training Detachment; Capt. O. H. Clayton, Technical Advisor of the Embry-Riddle Detachment, and Lt. T. C. Sheffield, aide to General Krogstad.

DAVE, JR. THINKS IT'S FUN



Ensign Dave Hendrick says good-bye to the Legal Department, the Tech School, and Dave, Jr., before leaving for his new duties with the U. S. Navy.

Lt. Guest, their swell guide and host. Back home at Tech Saturday, about 7:30—tired and hungry.

Not to be out-done for originality on Friday last were Agnita Mullin, Betty Harrington and Gene Bryan when they were guests of J. A. Riley in Tech's new Mess Hall downstairs. They really enjoyed going through the "line" just as the Soldiers do, and the "food was really excellent," they said. The same day, Ruth Norton, General Manager of the Seaplane Base, with some of her co-workers, dropped into our "Bone-yard" on a Scavenger Hunt.

Dorothy Burton has been so busy moving into the new Library on the Main Floor that she asked me to attempt to write this epistle. Thanks to her for continuing to bolster my courage long enough to get this together.

There's more news than this, but I'm afraid that if I continue, some of it will be cut and who is to say which it should be, since *all* the news of *all* our "family" here at the "Old Home-place" and all over the world is important. S'lange!

AU REVOIR

The Navy continues popular with Embry-Riddle-ites. Dave Hendrick of the Legal department, who has taken a load off Ben Turner's shoulders the past few months, checked out Wednesday to don Ensign togery. He'll be missed on the sixth floor.

Arnold Mims, who handled priorities, also vacated his sixth floor office and this week was given a going-over by Navy medics, a step nearer his Ensign commission. Peter Ordway, Dean of Admissions, is expecting final word any day now to report to the Naval flight training base at Corpus Christie, Tex.

Wing Flutter

Aircraft Overhaul, Miami
Vannah Witmer, Guest Writer

Here in Miami Aircraft Overhaul is a group who overnight shifted from fabric to metal plane building material.

On the resolute face of James A. McShane I detected no self-pity. It was not easy to change over . . . it meant entirely different training.

A few days ago, after the hub-hub had died down, we strolled down the de-riveting line. There steady handed young women were putting holes in the center of rivets to be removed, flicking off the caps and explaining why that part was not perfect. In these days perfection is not a goal, it is a necessity down McShane Lane.

Let us go from the sublime to the ridiculous and mention Dick Hourihan, who has been buzzing around these musty halls with a ruler in one hand and a determined look in his eye. He is designing racks—I hope not for torture.

The Division Accounting office is growing. Charles Glisson and John Oliver Ross, both accountants, are new members.

Mr. Thomas and Harold Malcolm went to Arcadia on Tuesday. To me that is a very entrancing place, planes in the air most of the day and night, a lot of lovely buildings, trees, plants and the meadow larks running around tamely on the grass. Maybe I can stow-a-way.

NUMBER PLEASE

by Atele Phoneman

*The telephone girl sits in her chair
And listens to voices from everywhere.*

*She hears all the gossip, she knows all the news,
She knows who is happy, and who has the blues.*

*She knows of our troubles, she knows of our strife,
She knows every man who talks mean to his wife.*

*In fact there's a secret 'neath each saucy curl
On that quiet demure-looking telephone girl.*

*If the telephone girl told all she knows
It would turn half our friends to bitterest foes.*

*She could sow a small wind that would be a big gale,
Engulf us in trouble and land us in jail.*

*In fact she could keep all the town in a stew,
If she'd tell the tenth part of the things that she knew.*

*Oh, really now doesn't it make your head whirl
When you think what you owe to the telephone girl.*

EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE

This Saturday, from eight o'clock on into the night, the Embry-Riddle gang will gather at the Coral Gables Country Club for the first E.-R. party of the Pleasure Driving Ban era.

Horse drawn wagons will make trips between the Coral Gables bus terminal and the Country Club at half hour intervals. So we'd advise informal dress!

All tickets must be purchased in advance. You may obtain them from the following people at the following places for the sum of \$1.00 per person:

TECH SCHOOL	Wain R. Fletcher
ENGINE OVERHAUL	Gladys C. Goff
AIRCRAFT OVERHAUL	Catherine W. Kerr
COLONNADE	Helen Dillard
COLISEUM	Laurice Anderson
INSTRUCTORS SCHOOL	Harry W. Leroy
GRANADA SHOPS	Joseph W. Ellis
SEAPLANE BASE	Bill Waters
CHAPMAN FIELD	Cara Lee Cook
MATERIEL CONTROL, PURCHASING, and WAREHOUSE	Mary Frances Perner

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook and Leona Gulko

Plastic surgery is doing gay things to our Operations Unit. Mr. Rollins and versatile crew, Eugene Masters and Gilbert



"Cookie"

LeDuce, have done with paint what the Marines did with ammunition at Guadalcanal. The color scheme consists of a heavenly hue of baby blue and marshmallow white, ah what a sight! The-ron Reddish and Katherine Jones are concrete examples of why one should zig instead of zag. Both are now trying to dye their clothes to match the paint spots.

High and Proud

As long as there's bowling, Chapman can hold her head high and proud; well, Chapman Team No. 1 anyhow. But they lost their good luck when they sold Mr. Gibbon's option to Team No. 2.

In all due respects we attempt in this small resume to bring to our admiring public a character sketch of the fighting men of Chapman No. 2.

First there's Mr. "G" who in a shy,

conservative way is trying to make Chapman No. 1 feel the results of their bad deal. Tom Jacobs is the lucky piece and helps tremendously in those tight spots.

Bill Grindell is the Chief Accountant of Chapman and of the bowling scores. He's got everything except a crooked nose.

Mr. Studier is the jolly one and a big time bowler too. Gerald Cook, that good looking piece of personality, does rather well for himself too, in fact he's No. 1 man on the Team now.

Echoes and Reverberations

Echoes and reverberations are still heard from parties and persons who attended Martha Brosnan's "Pilots' Meeting," where yours truly spun-in from an ironing board. Sterling Camden, who proved the best sport ever, and Mrs. Camden, Instructors Moxley, McGrath, DaBoll, Narrow, McDaniels, Cavis, Eastman, Jacobs, Kayser and Graham were there with numerous others we can't remember at this early hour.

Not satisfied with letting this human portion of Chapman get back down to normal, Tom Moxley had an "open house" party and truly it is now, what with the roof off. So now we'll calm ourselves and recall that

there's a battle raging and we've gotta keep on the ball, lest we lose the privilege to get democratically merry.

That happy looking gent in Accounting is Mr. Snow who just soloed at 8:14 hours. Congratulations.

Glad to see Jim Pollard back after a touch of the flu and Rudy Kane after a touch of the draft. Blanding decided Rudy would make a better man fighting fires on the home front, so he's back going stronger than ever, which is a victory for us.

From Morn 'till Night

Our Link department is surely going to town on all three trainers with full schedules from morn 'till night. New Instructors are Lorahne Barry and Irene Thomas. That low slung Messerschmidt(?) job on the line is our newly converted low-wing Fairchild. It's now designated as an Instrument ship complete with hood and the necessary gadgets.

DEVIL'S SPIRIT

I've heard many times: "It took a brain to plan this war,"

Giving the credit to Hitler.

But I, being "against" instead of "for" Wouldn't give him a bit, Sir.

I wouldn't call it a brain,

But rather the Devil's Spirit

Which lives in a filth-polluted drain

In Hitler's house or near it.

—Minette E. Harrington



A World of Opportunity

Yes, there's a world of opportunity for you in AVIATION. In the present wartime picture, AVIATION holds the spotlight. And in the years to come, AVIATION will be one of the fastest growing industries in the world. With the right training you can take your place — right up at the top.

What branch of Aviation interests you most? Building them? Flying them? Keeping them flying? Becoming an instructor? Embry-Riddle, with its broad range of 41 different courses, has exactly what you need. Why not ask us for complete details and plan to enroll soon?



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